# New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials —Advertisements

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## Russia's Vicarious Sacrifice

It is difficult, almost impossible, to visualize the conditions in Russia. The happenings are so alien to all preconceptions that American thought cannot easily take in the actuality, and many prefer to believe there is misrepresentation.

But the grim truth spreads. Russia, the land of greatest food production, sees millions reduced to starvation. Urban workingmen, facing death if they remain, are in flight to the rural regions; they pack the Russian villages, pleading to become peasants again. Russia, as a result of the mad experiments by fanatics, is going back to the Middle Ages—to life as it was precariously lived before the rise of modern invention, the modern organization of industry and modern division of labor.

Bolshevism has been only partially applied, for Lenine and the servitors of his tyranny are busy finding excuses to modify their doctrine, but it is made clear what the system does to the proletariat. The swapping of surplus goods stops, and thus an axe is laid at the root of urban life. The peasant on his self-contained farmstead can get along without buying or selling, but not so the city dweller. The enforced depopulation, running as high as 70 and 80 per cent. in Russian cities is what was expected when Bolshevism was not quickly killed.

For some time the capitalistic system has not been in good repute. It is non-ethical. It is based on human selfishness. In the distribution some gain more dividends than seems fair. Resentment is thereby aroused. So the Manchester school of political economy has been railed at. Nearly every one has been infected to some degree by the sentimental reaction against its coldness and inhumanity, although general comfort has greatly increased under its sway and in every respect human existence has been improved.

The abscess of discontent was certain to break some day through the thin walls which confined it; some social group was sure to try the experiment of applied socialism. For a time radical France seemed the probable place; then Germany; in the end the bursting came in Russia. Russia's masses were primitive, were gullible and habituated to obedience, and Russia's intellectuals and her leaders of industry were dissatisfied with czarism. The war opened a door of opportunity, and when the moujiks were told by demagogues that millennium day had arrived they accepted the revelation as one sent from heaven.

Russia has since been a laboratory, and, while the vivisection has been hard on its victims, others have gained much correcting information. The consequences in Russia, where for the first time in the modern era socialistic theories have been put to the test of use, are such as to make it improbable for socialism, except the wholesome evolutionary kind, to progress for a generation or two. Socialist doctrinaires do not yet realize this, but they will.

But Bolshevism, it is said, did not have a fair chance—struggled with war remainders and with armed forces within and without. Of some weight, but, on the other hand, many conditions favored the experiment. Russia's population is but 15 per cent urban and industrial, and this was of enormous advantage. Imagine trade stoppage here, where 50 per cent dwell in cities, or in Great Britain, 80 per cent urban, or in Germany, 70 per cent, or in France, 60 per cent urban. Bolshevism has had a better chance in Russia than elsewhere. Russia has held out for a year and a half; we could scarcely hold out six months.

But why do not the Russian people shake off the incubus? They can't. They are in the grip of an organized and armed minority, and such minorities are able to rule for long periods under the passivity of the governed. Superstition is not dead. Men have accepted the consuming dominion of priests and monarchs joyfully. So they follow Lenine with equal religiosity.

Nor is it necessary to deem the false leaders are consciously insincere. The man who led an army of children, with their parents' consent, to the shores of the Mediterranean on the theory that at the approach of the innocents the waters would part and he would lead them to the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre probably honestly believed the miracle would happen. Lenine, when he took German money, perhaps was persuaded that he would spend it to the advantage of the Russian people.

Sincere advocacy of a faulty system does not improve its character. It works no better for an honest than for a dishonest manager. The blazing fire does not ask concerning the morality of the man whose hand it burns. Square pegs will no more go into round holes for the unjust than for the just carpenter. Economic laws, like the laws of the physical world, conduct no inquiries into the motives of their violators.

Intelligence, a proper adaptation of means to ends, an idealism that never loses sight of realism—for these there is no substitute. At the voice of Lenine Russia proscribed as hated bourgeoisie the natural leaders of her life and industry. She put men who did not know how in charge of delicate operations. The results came as the apple falls.

Not a new lesson Russia teaches, but one concerning which the mind of the world, wandering in the mists of a vague altruism, needed refreshment. We have an object lesson of what Marxism really means. Russia will not soon forget—the world will not soon forget. The horror of the results sets up a pillar of fire by night and of cloud by day, and may be worth what it has cost. Russia has immolated herself, but her offering may be a vicarious sacrifice which will save others.

## The Unscared Senate

Senator Borah, after talks with his Senatorial colleagues, reports that unless there are appreciable changes in the league covenant it will not be approved by the Senate. Article X is hard to swallow. The attempt to hurrah the project through has failed. There is to be a debate—a real one, with genuine listeners, and perhaps no decision reached until the last word is said.

The Washington correspondents have at last discovered that it is possible to qualify while ratifying, and that the theory that the covenant could not be dissected away in any part without defeating the whole settlement is in process of abandonment. It was an interesting contention, but it tilted with too many precedents. The Senate has successfully dissected on several occasions, and the attempt to keep the fact from the people has failed.

Toward the proposed engagement with Great Britain to protect France the Senate is said to be cold. If this is the mood, if the engagement does not become part of the war settlement, the covenant becomes a still born affair, and it is of little practical consequence whether it is ratified or rejected. If this country is not willing to guarantee France against another attack by Germany, what's the use of saying we have entered a league of peace?

## Home Needs First

Secretary Baker has promptly repudiated the statement credited to some of his subordinates that the War Department purposed selling its surplus of food and clothes abroad in order to help to maintain present price levels in this country. The department, he says, has no interest in the question of maintaining price levels.

Such an assurance is welcome. The government has just abandoned the Peek-Redfield project of regulating steel prices. We are to have an "open market" in the steel and iron industry. The public could certainly not comprehend the logic of an open market for steel and a sustained market for food and clothes. The people have supported the war ungrudgingly. They are paying its price in an inflated cost of living. They are entitled to any relief which might come from the release at home of the surplus stores accumulated for the use of the army.

## Mr. Villard Goes Over

After flirting with Bolshevism all his life without knowing it by name Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard sees pure red and goes over to the revolution. The peace terms did the job. The extraction of all teeth from the league of nations had irritated Mr. Villard and his *Nation* to the point of saying very impolite things about their hero, Mr. Wilson. But it took the peace treaty with its unkind imposition of disagreeable terms upon Germany, to finish the business. The reverent appreciation of Mr. Wilson goes smash through the window and instead we get in the current number of *The Nation* the following, conceived in the mournful and bitter cadences of "The Lost Leader":

> "How Mr. Wilson has repaid the confidence which the peoples gave him all the world now knows. The one-time idol of democracy stands to-day discredited and condemned. His rhetorical phrases, torn and faded tinsel of a thought which men now doubt if he himself ever really believed, will never again fall with hypnotic charm upon the ears of eager multitudes. The camouflage of ethical precept and political philosophizing which for long blinded the eyes of all but the most observing has been stripped away, and the peoples of the world see revealed, not a friend faithful to the last, but an arrogant autocrat and a compromising politician. And with the loss of the robes which gave him sanctity goes also the loss of all liberal and ennobling support."

But this personal rupture is only half of the picture, and from the public's point of view not the more important half. Mr. Villard, in his anguish over the peace terms, declares war not only upon Mr. Wilson, but upon society as well. All that has gone before, little things like the Russian revolution, etc., are but "the preliminaries of the great revolution." Less and less will there be room for either liberals or conservatives. Versailles has forced men "into two main camps, the radicals and conservatives":

> "Heaven grant that the revolution may be peaceful, and that it may destroy only to rebuild!"

"Don't nail his ear to the pump!" was Sam Weller's suggestive warning in an earlier and more famous fracas. And *The Nation's* elegant and dignified prayer for a peaceful revolution may well be conceived as holding at least a hint of the same spirit. Mr. Villard washes his hands of the affair to come and sees us all in flames with pious resignation. Like the moaning Germans of the hour, it will not be his fault if the world goes to pot!

## The Air Postal Service

Perfection of the machines and skill developed in their operation are making air voyaging almost as safe as travelling by land. The early aviators dedicated themselves to death. Fatal falls came to them with few exceptions.

But in the first twelve months of the air mail service between New York and Washington Dana C. Hart made 191 flights, covering a distance of 21,300 miles. And of these flights 179 were made without forced landings. Robert E. Shark, with a record of 138 flights, made 129 without forced landings; E. V. Gardner flew the course 102 times, with only five forced stoppages, and Max Muller made eighty-two trips without an unplanned stop.

Only one accident occurred, when a 'plane not in regular service and being tried out was smashed. The gas tank caught fire, but the pilot was at work again in a week. The same six machines with the same motors are in service as a year ago, and the postal revenue of $159,750 exceeded by $19,103 the cost of operation. Mr. Burleson has made something pay its way.

The total distance covered by the flights was 128,037 miles, or more than five times around the earth, with the transport of ninety-six tons of mail matter—surely a remarkable record and one calculated to remove doubt remaining as to the success of the efforts to cross the ocean. The time is not far distant when letter mail between the principal cities will go via atmosphere. We are at but the beginning of air navigation.

## A New Weekly

A new adventure toward honest, robust thinking is *The Review*, a weekly journal produced under the joint editorship of Fabian Franklin and Harold de Wolf Fuller, both fine, high craftsmen in the practice of good journalism. The first number is fresh from the press. It is nice in typography, make-up and printing, and done on a very good quality of paper—therefore pleasing both to the eye and the touch.

The salutatory begins with an apology for the neutral sound of the name. Two more colorful and perhaps better names were considered—*The Liberal* and *The Conservative*—and then rejected, not for any intrinsic reason, but because either "would have been liable, in the present state of the public mind, to obvious misconstruction." The soul of *The Review* is both liberal and conservative, these being compatible terms in fact. What the editors intend is to restore them to their true values in the minds of thoughtful people. They say:

> "The tendency to ignore what is good and to magnify what is evil in existing institutions; the readiness to throw overboard any conviction or tradition, however fundamental, which seems to obstruct the immediate realization of some scheme of improvement: it is the rapid spread of these tendencies—not among the poor and ignorant, but among those who have enjoyed every advantage of culture and wellbeing—that is the most serious, as it is the most distinctive, feature of the situation with which we are confronted."

There is surely a place for everything—a place for the past, a place for the present and a place for a conservative-liberal weekly like *The Review*.

In spite of the fact that it is her funeral Germany wants to sit on the front seat of the hearse and take the reins out of the hands of the driver.

## What Mr. Villard Said

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Is it too much to expect fair reporting from The Tribune? I went out of my way in speaking last night to the Governor's Reconstruction Commission to say that I did not advocate a soviet form of government in America and I repeated that statement more than once. My whole plea was that we should study this system. I did not say that "changing the basis of our representation to the soviet form would not only give us a different government, but would give us a different feeling toward our government, but that it might, and my plea to the commission was for examination into the facts of this new departure to see whether it had anything in it whatsoever which we could, with wisdom, take over to improve our present limping government. Yet I find myself heralded on the front page of The Tribune this morning as advocating precisely the opposite. Any man is a fool who undertakes to say whether the soviet form of government would or would not be of value in America. We do not know enough about it to form any idea. It must be tested out abroad, but, as the Germans are committed to testing it out, we certainly do not want our enemies to get ahead of us if there is any good in the system.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.
New York, May 14, 1919.

## The Conning Tower

### SAME OLD ANSWER

When apple-bloom, when apple-bloom
Brings home the hum of bees,
I leave my desk, I leave my room,
I walk among the trees.

"Blossoms," I say, "to-morrow's rain
Will put your beauty by:
Were it not wiser to complain
And discontented die?"

"Poor honey bees," I say, "your store
Garnered with so great toil
Will prove as many a time before
Some alien's casual spoil:

"Why briefly idle in the sun;
Do ye not drain your sweet
Droplets, and leave a task undone
Whose issue is—defeat?"

The bees hum on, the blossoms scent
The pleasant air with balm . . .
Man only, the incontinent,
Reads satire in a psalm!

Man only with distempered mind
Mocks at his destiny!
The bees and apple-blooms, I find,
Have answered me.

LEE WILSON DODD.

The consumption of ice cream soda is not essential to life, and having a place to sleep is almost necessary. Therefore the indignation at the rent profiteer is greater than the ire at the soda water profiteer. But,—unless we are utterly wrong and full of misinformation,—the profiteering in soda water is greater than that in rentals. We asked the proprietor of a fountain still dispensing ice cream soda at 10c a glass how he could afford it and he told us that, with a profit of about 3c a glass, he could afford it easily. So those who charge 15c or 20c a glass are doing as well as can be expected.

They are charging it, presumably, because they can get it. The only reason we don't double our own prices is our fear that if we attempted it all we'd get would be the w. k. gate.

The percentage of profit in colyuming is higher, probably, than in any other trade. A colyumist has no office rent to pay, no clerk hire, no supplies to buy. The only thing the office doesn't furnish is tobacco; and, as the local room hasn't a man who can beat us at matching, it usually furnishes even that. As Eddie the proofboy daily observes, Pretty Soft.

**And Who Wrote "Sammy"?**

"The Traveller and the Pie" was written by Baum and Tietjens, "Hurrah for Baffin's Bay" was written by Vincent Bryan and Theodore Morse, the latter author of many successes of the past, notably "Goodby, My Blue Bell." Montgomery and Stone sang "Baffin's Bay" in vaudeville before the days of "The Wizard."

LAURENCE P. DODGE.

A returned officer, his wife says, used to write her glorious letters from France. Now that he's back, she finds him unchanged. "You're not noble any more," she complained. "No," was his waggish reply. "I was denobleized after November 11."

**This Should Give Some One the Guilty Feeling**

Sir: May I announce that if the gentleman who took my car (License N. Y. 144-410) from before my door will communicate with me through your column, he can have the boot-top, which is of no further use to me? I should like also to apologize for having thoughtlessly removed the bumper the day before the car's taking off. While I do not suggest that one of your readers is guilty, still I feel that none of your contribs could resist the opportunity of getting into your column, if such were the case, and I should thus be assured of a reply. What do you think of this little Dodge of mine?

JULIAN WALTER.

Few are the authors who faithfully transcribe the spoken word. Their number is not increased by Mr. William J. Neidig, in whose "The Faith Cure," in the current Satevepost, two young men, natives and residents of Chicago, say: "Is dis w'ere wese woiks?"; "I got confidence to boin," "A boid on toast," "Dat's me boig," and "Pipe the skoit." Mr. Neidig hereby is challenged to produce anybody born in Cook County and resident there until the age of six who ois his ers.

Can Lieut. R. Norris Williams and Capt. Dean Mathey come back?—Evening Post.

Yes, but unless they're demoted they'll come back as Captain Williams and Major Mathey.

**Nature Note**

It is the gladdest thing I know
That ever any man can see
When cirrus clouds the May winds blow,
Go drifting through a dogwood tree.

And even God himself will leave
His house and hasten down our street
When May winds blow the cirrus clouds
About the dogwoods' feet. K. S. A.

Even so careful a reporter as Will Irwin speaks of the American Expeditionary Force.

Old Sam Adams, of Ensenore, N. Y., called long enough yesterday to compose the following poem:

I'd like to see the NC-4
Go flying over Ensenore.

It costs $4 to have a racket restrung these days, owing, undoubtedly, to the feline scarcity.

**Subject: Them Sixty Simoleons**

I also hold a letter from the Zone Finance Officer, which states that applications for the $60 bonus must contain, among other things:

"All discharge certificates given to the soldier during the period of the war or orders for discharge or relief if no certificate was issued, but both certificate and order if both were issued, the papers bearing indorsement of final payment being required."

With the addition of a few more conditions, the Zone Finance Officer pauses for a reply. But it is the clause—"the papers bearing indorsement of final payment being required"—this is the clause doth give us pause. Indeed, it brings me to a full stop.

When the army is authorized and instructed by Congress to pay $60 bonus to every discharged soldier, why does it have to make you prove that your cat has kittens, that water doesn't run up hill, and the amount of precipitation which occurred during the tenancy of the office by the present incumbent, if any? Why?

I pause for the Zone Officer's reply, if any.

PAUL DAVIS, Common Citizen.

P. S.—If he don't come acrost with, that $60 I'm going to let that Z. F. O. know how common I am.

Would the Peace Commission accept a word of warning? When the Germans are about to sign, make 'em use stub pens.

And look out for sympathetic inks.

F. P. A.

# Bound and Gagged

## Budapest Under Bolshevist Rule

*New York Tribune Foreign Press Bureau*

"IF THERE is one idea that must be drummed at all costs into the heads of those peoples who have not yet succumbed to the virus of Bolshevism," says the special correspondent of "The London Times" in Budapest, "it is that, so far from being either truly democratic or Socialistic, the 'dictatorship of the proletariat' is absolutely and directly opposed to the first principles of freedom."

The "Times" correspondent, who has been three weeks in Budapest, observing conditions there, says, "Political freedom is absolutely non-existent to-day in Hungary," and continues:

"That this should be so in the case of the aristocracy and bourgeoisie goes without saying and is, indeed, expressly inherent in the Decree No. 26, published on April 2, whereby the soviet government granted the active and passive franchise only to the working people, further defined with convenient vagueness as 'all those of either sex who have completed their eighteenth year and live from work useful to society.'

"The bourgeois and the aristocrat are ipso facto pariahs, for whom no consideration whatever is to be shown, and into whose faces the proletariat should, in the graceful language of the People's Commissary, Szamuely, 'publicly spit.' For the time being they are not even allowed to leave the country in peace, since they might carry away money, jewelry and other valuables with them, and these possessions of theirs, which are being confiscated with ruthless and rapid severity, are in point of fact practically the only readily realizable assets now left in this unhappy and bankrupt country.

### *Bela Kun and His Aids*

"But it is not only the aristocracy and bourgeoisie who have been deprived of all rights by the handful of Jewish agitators who constitute the tyrannical misgoverning oligarchy. In marked contradistinction to the method followed in Germany—where, during the period that elapsed between the revolution and the elections for the National Assembly, the Central Council exercised a dictatorship tempered by public meetings and debates, newspaper criticism and street demonstrations—the Hungarian proletariat has been absolutely bound and gagged.

"It might reasonably be supposed that so unmitigated a tyranny as this could be possible only when wielded by men of outstanding capabilities. Such, however, is not the case. With the possible exception of Szamuely there is no really first class brain in the whole government. Bela Kun, who is easily the most powerful member, is by no means a strong thinker, but he has plenty of courage and character and a superhuman capacity for hard work. Pogany has probably more abstract intellect, is a very ambitious man and is probably a sincerer patriot than most of his colleagues. Boehm is not without brains, but is too mild tempered a man to make a real leader of revolutionaries.

"The best educated two of the leaders are Agoston, a professor of international law, and Kunfi, a former school teacher and journalist. Both these men have real culture and ability, but—perhaps for this reason—have not commanding influence in the country. Of the others, such as Garbai (the president), Landler, Szekely, Varga, Hamburger and Erdelyi, it is enough to say that, like those above mentioned, they are all Jews with the single exception of Garbia and have consequently a certain amount of intelligence.

### *Arms Control*

"Without, then, any brilliantly intellectual or original minds to lead it, the government is holding its place simply because it disposes of the only arms in the country. Count Karolyi's policy of dissolving the old Hungarian army, and thus depriving the country of any steady nucleus such as has stood Germany in such good stead in her struggle with the Spartacists; the disbanding of the police and their junction with the Red Army, the disarming of the bourgeoisie under penalties of ten years' imprisonment and 50,000 kronen fine, and the building up of a Red Army which—I am speaking now only of its troops which I saw in Budapest—is certainly quite valueless for military purposes, but perhaps on that account would be the more skilful at any dirty work, have made the government momentarily supreme in Budapest, while out in the country the forces facing the Czecho-Slovaks and Rumanians, though in many cases no lovers of a Bolshevist government, are lovers of their fatherland.

"The programme of terrorization of those now in power is thorough. The death penalty is attached to so many governmental decrees that one would think they had been drawn up by the White Queen, though it must be admitted that hitherto the execution of this sanction has been as rare in Hungary as it was in Wonderland. Where death is not threatened the sanctions are long terms of imprisonment and heavy fines. Among the more oppressive measures are the following:

### *Measures of Oppression*

"(a) Provisional suspension, with a view to ultimate abolition, of all courts of justice, which will be replaced later by the Soviets acting through lay courts composed of working men. There are two exceptions: (1) The revolutionary tribunal, which has just now to decide on all offences; (2) a special arbitration court.

"(b) Confiscation without indemnity of all personal property above a very small amount. Thus not only are all shops, banks, hotels, houses, factories, estates confiscated with few exceptions, but, going far beyond the communization of the means of production, the Hungarian Bolshevists have seized upon all personal and private property whatsoever, in the form of money, notes, jewelry, objects of art, furniture and so forth. No man is allowed to possess more than two suits of clothes, four shirts, two pairs of boots and four pairs of socks. Women are similarly rationed.

"(c) Oppression of the clergy. The clergy are specially singled out, together with criminals, the insane and shopkeepers employing a paid assistant, as being incapable either of the active or passive right of franchise. All ecclesiastical taxation has been abolished and clergy will live on the donations of the faithful, which, under the present régime, are not likely to be very large.

"(d) Carrying out of the housing measures in a manner deliberately intended to reduce the bourgeoisie to the level of the proletariat. Already under the Karolyi government a beginning had been made on the grounds that, owing to the stoppage of building during the war and the huge increase in the population, there was a lack of accommodation. Under the present régime, however, no attempt whatever is being made to carry through this measure with the minimum of friction. Owners of houses are expelled from their best rooms by strangers, who often have tolerable apartments of their own, but who are profiting by the opportunity to obtain better quarters and to live amid all the surroundings of wealth and ease. The circumstances to which this decree may lead in certain cases can be imagined, especially where the mistress of the house is an unprotected woman.

### *Dictated Journalism*

"(e) Muzzling the Press.—This appears to the Jewish Mafia a perfectly natural thing, and the reply always given is that it makes no difference to a journalist whether he writes at the dictation of his proprietor or of the state. The idea that a newspaper proprietor should allow his editorial staff any freedom of opinion, or that a journalist should dare to claim any such thing, appears grotesque to this gang of tyrants, and incidentally is interesting in that several members of the government, such as Pogany, Szamuely and Kunfi, are journalists.

"There is not a single daily newspaper now published in Hungary that is not absolutely under the thumb of the ruling clique. Such space as is not taken up daily by the bombastic decrees and communiqués of the government is occupied by tendential telegrams or by slavering articles in praise of the superlative wisdom of the precious gang who are rapidly reducing Hungary to ruin.

"Calm and order have hitherto prevailed in Budapest and elsewhere for no other reason than that the population is temporarily cowed, disarmed and demoralized. The population is passively acquiescing for the time being simply because it has no means of resistance and because a people which has been broken down physically, intellectually and morally by nearly five years of unsuccessful warfare is naturally a happy subject for the tyranny of any determined gang of miscreants."

## The Poor Bartender

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: On the front page of your paper of Monday, May 12, appeared an article setting forth the programme of the anti-prohibition crusade, and also embodying in detail the grounds for their plea for mercy.

Very prominent among the arguments set forth is the statement that "if prohibition by force is permitted to stand, free America will soon be faced with a series of blue laws, which will make honest people feel like criminals when they attempt to exercise personal liberty." The best answer to such statements is to refer sponsors for them to states where prohibition has been in force the longest period of time and where, if what they say is true, one would expect to find the greatest curtailment of personal liberty and the most Puritanical laws. Examination of facts will prove the falsity of this position and that so far as liberal laws are concerned they are quite as numerous in those states as they are in the wettest states of the Union.

I was much interested in the plea which your paper presents as a plea from the bartenders, and which reads as follows: "What can we do? Few of us ever have done anything else but tend bar. Standing long hours behind the bar has broken down the arches of our feet. Consequently many of us are flat-footed. Our hands are soft and tender from frequent immersion in water. We are salesmen, but what other commodity requires our selling methods?" Such a plea from the flat-footed and soft-handed bartenders, I am sure, ought to bring tears from the most hardened heart. I am sure it will get the sympathy of the girls and women of the department stores, from the trolley conductors and from the thousands of other men and women who, in other lines of activity, stand upon their feet from morning to night. I think that this plea will move the people of the United States to repeal the amendment to the Constitution in the interest of these flat-footed, soft-handed gentry.

JAMES K. SHIELDS,
State Superintendent Anti-Saloon League of New Jersey.
Newark, N. J., May 13, 1919.

## Selling That Silver Lining

*(From The Rocky Mountain News)*

Taking it all in all, this is a pretty good world. There are love and sunshine sprinkled through it. There is the beauty of the ocean and the hills, of the rivers and of the mountains. There are flowers and birds in it and its nights are crowded with stars. Pretty good old world—don't you think so? People in it might be improved, I admit, but you and I are of them, neighbor, and we are not the ones to render judgment. Their lot is our lot, their sorrows our sorrows, their frailties our frailties. Besides, if we don't like them, we can do our small part toward making them better. We can at least make ourselves better, and that is so much in the right direction.

## Lily White Arkansas

*(From The Arkansas Gazette)*

It may surprise the average Arkansan to know there are communities in Arkansas where a negro is such a novelty that the appearance of one will attract a crowd. There are no negroes in Marion County, Ark. Recently a tie train manned by a gang of negro laborers came to Flippin, in that county, to pick up ties. The children of the town turned out in droves to see the blacks.

## "Glimpses"

By Wilbur Forrest

WITH ARMY OF OCCUPATION IN GERMANY.—Humans are creatures of habit, whether in an army or otherwise. The villages of Eastern France taught the army that drinking water in these villages was almost invariably bad. Geologically speaking, French water in Eastern France is too near the surface. To drink it means trouble unless your system has been schooled from infancy with it. But drinking water in American-occupied Germany is different. It bubbles from the deep pools of glacial rock formations that abound everywhere in the valleys of the Moselle and Rhine. It is noted the world over for its medicinal properties and crystal-like purity. However, enter many German villages occupied by our troops and you see signs reading, "Don't drink this water without boiling it." I asked a medical officer about it in a Moselle village the other day. He replied:

"The villagers drink it. With them it is just a case of survival of the fittest. They've been drinking it for centuries and those who survived have now become immune." A more eminent authority, however, confirmed that those "don't drink" signs are a thing of habit formed in France.

American soldiers as a general rule here in Germany want to go home. Thousands have applied for release from the army on one pretext or another. Where thousands have asked to go home hundreds have succeeded. Hundreds who have failed take various means of protest against the rather dull duty of policing the Rhine. A popular method is seen each day in Army Postoffice 934, the American mail building in Coblenz. Soldiers do not stamp their letters, but simply mark them "Soldier's Mail." They have begun to mark them "Homesick Soldier's Mail" and "We want to go home," "Bring us back to you," etc.

American newspaper readers possibly would be surprised to know that correspondents with the American army of occupation over here in the Rhineland are still subject to army censorship, the dissolution of all other censorships, including George Creel's, notwithstanding. The army blue pencil which correspondents have learned to know so well is still on duty eliminating words, phrases and paragraphs tending to forecast troop movements, discuss German propaganda in the interior of Germany or speak of politics in a controversial way. Why the army should continue to maintain a censorship is doubtless known to the army. Correspondents have not yet been let into the secret. However, on behalf of the army it might be stated that censorship, like boiling good drinking water, has become a habit which cannot be overcome in a day.

The French are gradually getting over the war habit, even though they still maintain a censorship. When the war began all printed notices in French railway trains warning the German tourist not to pull the alarm signal, not to lean out of the car window, not to put his feet on the polished woodwork and a general line of instruction how to eat, sleep and ride on a French train were blotted out with the utmost thoroughness. Now the French railways not only print their eating and sleeping car signs in Teuton, Anglo-Saxon and Latin tongues, but do more. They are using German railway cars, in which nothing but German is printed. It depends on what part of some French trains you occupy whether a German-English phrase book is necessary to follow instructions. Many French trains are literally Franco-German.

During the big Third Army carnival in Coblenz the carnival authorities thought it would be realistic if a battery of field guns fired a barrage—a rapid-fire performance with blank shells. The guns were requisitioned from a neighboring artillery regiment and the battery commander was ordered to prepare the "blanks." He had no regular blanks, so he pulled the projectiles from a truckload of "75" calibre shells and wadded them with paper. He had to do the work on short notice, but "delivered" in time. The guns were lined up and the signal was given for the barrage to begin. Gun crews worked feverishly and lanyards were pulled in prescribed form. Everything went fine but the barrage. The carnival crowd, expecting to hear the sharp cracks of the guns blending into a rolling drumfire, saw but heard nothing. The guns refused to "crack," and instead sluggishly and sullenly spat bundles of yellow sparks from their muzzles. The barrage was a "fizzle," and a certain battery commander has been explaining ever since why "macaroni" powder fails with paper wadding. He didn't think of it before.

## Home Assistants

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I note in your issue of Sunday, May 4, an article by one of those would-be reformers who endeavor to camouflage the "servant" by calling her "home assistant." As the article specifies any labor for only "eight hours a day, six days in the week," I would like to ask how she suggests disposing of the seventh day of the week. Does she propose that the family perform all the household labors on that day?

Personally I think it is demeaning to the honest worker to be referred to in terms indicating that the "servant" is something to be ashamed of, and this false sentiment only contributes to the prevailing unrest. Labor faithfully performed by a "servant" entitles her to great consideration and regard for her contentment. If one desires a companion by all means employ a well born, "highly educated, conscientious and refined" woman, but if it is desired to have the work in a home properly performed a "servant" who is "conscientious" will prove more satisfactory and not evade the fact that she is hired and paid to work, rather than the disguised "helper," "home assistant"—or shall I say "lady in waiting"?

I have had faithful "servants" who left me only when overtaken by one of two fates—death or marriage. But to revert to my first question, how do these reformers propose to dispose of the seventh day of the week, which they apparently eliminate from the calendar?

MRS. RICHARD H. STEARNS.
New York, May 8, 1919.